THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write tainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.

2. Use "en and ins, not pencil.

3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over \$750 words.

250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address plainly of the bottom of the Address all communications to Un-cle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you say—Be true!
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

GRUMBLETOWN

Folks who live in Grumbletown Show a scowl and wear a frown, Never deign to give a smile, Mumble, grumble all the while.

Winds are always hot or cold, Making Grumble people scold; Fretting, fuming, they complain If it shine or if it rain,

All their tempers are awry, Cannot please 'em if you try; Nothing right, and all things wrong. That's the burden of their song.

If you live there, don't you stay! Pack yyour goods and move away; Look around—on every hand Shines the happy Laughter Land! —Willis Warren Ken.t

Uncle Jed's Talk to Wide-Awakes Perhaps you have never thought about the Dollar family, how old and

merit. It is not what a coin is actually worth but what the government

family's foreign relations are nothing to be proud of.

20 pounds of sugar is a better dollar

John B. Purcell of Colchester -- I re selved my prize book entitled High School's Left End. I have read it through and find it very in teresting. Thanking you for it, I am your little

Lorraine L. Martin of Plainfield.

Grazialia Martin of Plainfield.-Fhank you for prize book received enittled Three Little Women's Success, i hope to win another, as I find this
i hope to win another, as I find this
come to her cave in the woods.

Jessie Brehaut, of Elast Norwich. I. Y.—Many thanks for the prize book on sent me. I have read part of it and found it very interesting.

The Winners of Prize Books f-Helen M. Whittaker, of Provi-lence, R. L. The Soldiers of the Duke, 2—Elizabeth Parker, of Mansfield, Chose Preston Twins.

8-Lillian Murphy, of Norwich, Ani-nal Stories for Little People. 4-Lillian J. Brewster, of Norwich

5 Harold E. Kimball, of Hampton he Magic Doll. 6-H. Lloyd Rathbun, of Norwich Boy Scouts and the Armyy Airship. 7-Alice Kingsley, of Scotland, The Willimantic,

They are not particularly sweet They are not particularly sweet sounds. Some are like a hawk's cry, and others like an ungreased wheelbarrow. While the jay is making these sounds he often hops from branch to branch and looks altogether like a many days since I played in the garden! Can't I go, nurse?"

Now Miss Malsie," said nurse, se-

Faithful Friends

Harry Greene was the son of a lighthouse keeper Harry was the only child of the family and would

about the Dollar family, how old and respectable and useful it is. You can imaxime that Mr. Dollar is the big sliver coin which has been alchanged in the present the big-bugs of the family. The half dollars and quarter dollars represent the big-bugs of the family, and the dimes and half-dimes, those in their "teens," the nickels, the lively juvenlies, and the pennies the infants of the house of trade.

The bright and shiny gold pieces are stored for the first ready of the house of trade.

The bright and shiny gold pieces are sood, but they are not.

You have to understand arithmetic to deal with the Dollar family, for it takes a knowledge of addition, multiplication, division, subtraction and fractions to deal with the Dollar family, the father was overloved with slader and fractions to deal with it. It is more than likely if there had not been a multiplication table there never would have been a Dollar family.

The equality of the Dollar family, the father was overloved with sled are multiplication table there never would have been a Dollar family.

The equality of the Dollar family.

The equality of the Dollar family.

The quality of the Dollar family.

The equality of the Dollar family.

The perfection the family and would of the family and would of the family an

ELEANOR SMIGIEL, Age 13.

course I only meant this as a joke:
but Helen, who usually hughed at my
remarks, grew very angry. I wished
I had never said this. It containly remarks, grew very angry. I wished I had never said this. It certainly was true. Helen did have bright red hair an diarge freekles, but I need not

The bear of the was true. Helen did have bright red hair an drarge freekies, but I need not have to work to get dollars have to be sharp to keep the dollars they have inherited.

A dollar may represent so much food or clothing or service, but it does not always represent the same amount, hence we say the buying power of a doffar is variable. A dollar that buyys 20 pounds of sugar is a better dollar was left alone.

Temarks, grew very angry. I wished I had never said this. It certainly was true. Helen did have bright red hair an drarge freekies, but I need not have reminded her of it.

She snatched her blue bow from her jacket and threw it into the bushes. Then she stopped the cart and bade me get out. I slowly descended from the cart and stood on the roadside a wretched picture of sadness. Helen was now red with anger and I was white with sadness. She only whipped up the pony and drove away with all the proudness of a queen and I was left alone.

doffar is variable. A dollar that buyys and all the proudness of a queen and the sail than the one that only buys 16 pounds, because it buys more.

The Dollar family is not always what we think it is, but all the Wide-Awakes who study hard enough will get so well acquainted with the ways of the dollar that they cannot be depicted about it by sharpers.

Letters of Acknowledgement Myron J. Ringland of Norwich Town.

I thank you for the nice prize book realised for the daily mail. The postmaster handed me a bunch of mail and from Jepton I like it very much.

Florida Reil of Versailles.—I have finished reading the prize book you sent me and i thank you very much finished reading the prize book you sent me and i thank you very much finished reading the prize book you sent me and i thank you very much finished reading the prize book you sent me and i thank you very much finished reading the prize book you sent me and i thank you very much finished reading the prize book you sent me and i thank you very much finished reading the prize book you sent me and i thank you very much finished reading the prize book you sent me and i thank you very much finished reading the prize book you sent me and i thank you very much finished reading the prize book you sent me and i thank you very much finished reading the prize book you sent me and i thank you very much finished reading the prize book you sent me and i thank you very much finished reading the prize book you sent me and i thank you very much finished reading the prize book you sent me and i thank you very much finished reading the prize book you sent me and i thank you very much for it. I have read some of it, and I lilke it very much finished reading the prize book you sent me and it thank you very much for it. I have read some of it, and I lilke the definition of the prize book you sent me and it that the care were and the mand the cart were at the providence, R. I was all I link the were the sail the providence, R. I well the providence, R. I well the providence, R. I

Mildred Moriey of Eagleville.—I received the prize book entitled A Little Sirl in Old Washington. It is very interesting. I thank you very much for it.

Little People of the Snow.

Once there was a little girl named Eva, who lived with her father and mother, brother and sister in a cosy little house in the country. Lorraine L. Martin of Plainfield.— One day when the ground was cov-thank you very much for the prize ook you esnt me. I have read it and go out to take a walk, but told her not hink it is very place. to go any farther than the great linden

Mildred Morley of Eaglevili.—I reelved the prize book entitled A Little
lirl in Old Washington. It is very
nteresting. I thank you very much lor it. of snow by the tiny little folks called Little People of the Snow.

She saw, too, a wonderful hall where hundreds of these little folks were dancing with wreaths of snow about their heads and bells of ice in their hands for making music. She had been gone hours from home. At last growing weary, she lay herself down

growing weary she lay herself down on a bank to rest.

Her father and mother came out to find her and wept very hard when they found her dead.

When the King of the Little People of the Snow heard how Eva had been made to do wrong and led to death, he made a law that not one of them should ever speak to a boy or girl, man or woman.

man or woman.

When the nights were cold the Little People of the Snow brought beautiful wreaths and laid them on Eva's grave, HELEN MAINE.

Boye' Sports in Japan. Children of the world are very much like. The Japanese boys are not much different from the American oys except the American boys do not

Three Little Cousins.

S—Harrist Graham, of Taftville, The Picture Screen,

Winners of prize books boys in the clay may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a, m, on Thursday.

The Blue Jay

No bird can be so noisy or as quiet when he thinks best as the jay. If he is stealing or thinks he will be suspected of any wrons, he slips off very quietly. You cannot hear him bit you may catch sight of his feathers. If he is with two or three friends and the weather is good, he and they fill the woods with their screams and calls.

They are not particularly sweet

branch and looks altogether like a bird clown.

If you have one for a pet you will think he is very amusing. He learns to speak a few words.

He plants many trees, for he drops the nuts as he files off with them. If they fall into good soil they often sprout and grow. So the jay's grand-children and other descendants may gather nuts from the trees that their ancestry planted.

The jay is closely related to our crow.

How many days since I played in the garden! Can't I go, nurse?"

"Now, Miss Malsie," said nurse, seriously "you know what the dector said yesterday. Don't let the child go out when the said and he meant every word of it, too!"

"Yes, nurse, I do remember, but I am so tired of being indoors!" And maisie gave a weary little sigh.

"That may be, Miss Maisie, but I can't let you out for all that. Come now! Let me see what a nice little girl you can be. Do you know before

Mansfield, Conn.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE
AWAKES

Mow: Let me see what a nice little girl you can be. Do you know before I came here I was a nurse at a hospital, in which the patients are very poor and have no kind friends to look after them and to which they are taken when they fall ill. "Are they very, very ill, nurse, some-times?" asked Malsle, "and do they

suffer much?"
"Yes, I'm afraid they do dear; but lighthouse keeper Harry was the only child of the family and would often be lonely if not for his good dog and scrapbooks to look at all these

for any desired time, and after that no human hand touches the boat while it is going through its many maneuvers.

Suddenly the miniature band clash—Suddenly the miniature band clash—went fishing and got seven fish. We went chestnutting and found quite a

west chestnuting and found quite a graph of the destroy of the star years we were friend. We had money family is degraded, because the lesser coins only represent old junk. There was a time when the red spot on the woodpecker's head passed among the American Indians for a dollar; and their other money consisted of shells picked up on the search of shells picked up on the search of the first picked in the showed in the shore.

We were driving showly along a dusty roadsides. Helen was my first friend. We had one dinner and got ing the five years we were friends. We had our dinner and got are transmitted into space, miniature band clash-cs forth and one becomes spellbound as the Star Spangled Banner floats forth and the flags are hoisted, signal lights begin to flash, real wireless messages are they were miniature and the flowers messages and the cour jackets, which showed we would always wore a little blue bow pinned to our jackets, which showed we would always be true.

We were driving and found quite a grant of his tail two inches long with a string-like cord running up to his for hoisted, signal lights begin to flash, real wireless messages are they was to come home.

We were driving and found quite a spart of his tail two inches long with a string-like cord running up to his to flash and the flags are hoisted, signal lights begin to flash, real wireless messages are the star Spangled Banner floats forth and one becomes spelliound as the Star Spangled Banner floats forth and the flags are hoisted, signal lights was the Star Spangled Banner floats forth and the flags are hoisted, signal lights was the star Spangled Banner floats forth and the flags are hoisted, signal lights was the star Spangled Banner floats forth and the flags are hoisted, signal lights was the star Spangled Banner floats forth and the flags are hoisted, signal lights was the star Spangled Banner floats forth and the flags are hoisted, signal lights was the star Spangled Banner floats forth and the flags are hoisted, signal lights was the st

time to escape getting wet.

MILDRED V. MORLEY.

Eagleville.

Mrs. Jingle.

Mrs. Jingle was a poor widow who lived with her three children in a poor cottage. She had no beds and of a night she would wrap her children up some old coats.
One night it was very cold and Mrs. Jingle had nothing to eat in the house but a small oat cake. Soon a child dressed in ragged clothing rapped at the door. Mrs. Jingle came to the door and brought the child in. He was very hungry so she fed him the oat cake. After he had eaten it she tucked him up in an old coat and laid him down with the other children. Soon she retired for her night's rest. In the morning when she arose she saw that the strange child had disappeared and that the cottage had heen turned into a beautiful house.

At this sight she woke the children and showed them all the different

things.
The children were much surprised and Mrs. Jingle told them she thought the ragged boy was a real angel,
ROSE BROMLEY.

A Visit to Phoenix Park, Dublin. When we arrived in Dublin we look when we arrived in Dublin we looked around for a hotel which would give
us the best opportunity of seeing the
city. After looking around we decided
on the Douglas hotel, which is on the
corner of Eden quay and Sackville
street and right next to O'Connell's bridge and O'Connell's monument. From our room, which was on the second floor, we could look across the house that I would not like to mov River Liffey to the east side of the away.

Wa were within one block of the North Wall and Tara street and a few minutes' walk from Trinity college and the house of parliament. My father and I get up early in the morning and after breakfast we made inquiries of Dear Uncle Jed:—Last Friday we

the principal places, distances and the best way to see the city.

We decided to visit Phoenix park first, as it was a pleasant morning, and we decided to walk part of the way, as more was to be seen by walking than by riding. The park entrance was about two miles from the hotel.

The River Liffey was on our left and the first bridge we passed that interested us was the Gratton bridge, called after the Irish statesman Henry Gratton. Then we passed along the four Courts of Ireland. They are massive buildings, built of limestone. We passed the River Liffey we could see Guinness' brewery, but we were not interested in breweries. On this trip we -assed the Royal barracks. In the grounds we saw cannons and cannonballs and hundreds of soldlers.

We passed Kings' bridge and right near is a small plot of ground where we saw guns and mortars taken by the English in the Crimean war. In a short time we were at the park gate.

As we entered the park there was a wide driveway with mounted police two abreast riding back and forth to see that no one destroyed anything. There is a fence en both sides of the road with gates to enter the park at a certain distance. On our left is wellington monument and at our right is a beautiful equestrian statue of Gough. This statue they told us was cast from cannon and cannonballs captured by Gough in the Crimean war.

We saw the beautifully laid out terraces, waterfalls and the lake.

The Royal Millitary infirmary we could see back of it and we saw the beautiful grounds, of All Ireland Polic club. You can see them play in the afternoon. We also saw the Phoenix monument and the Hibernian Military school and magnine fort.

We passed a large herd of deer roaming through the park. They were very tame. There is a place where you can get refreshments.

We pisted the zoological gardens, it contains 700 or 800 animals. Lions, tigers, elephants leopards and so forth and a monkey house filled with monkeys of all kinds; and we saw oh! so

tigers, elephants leopards and so forth and a monkey house filled with mon-keys of all kinds; and we saw oh! so

many birds The flowers covered acres of fand all cultivated and well taken care of. There are beautiful trees of all kinds. It was the most beautiful park I had ever seen and consisted of 1,800 acres. RICHARD TOBIN.

What Harold Likes, Dear Uncle Jed: I live in Scotland Dear Uncle Jed: I live in Scotland and go to school nearly every day. I have been to school a little more than a year and I like to go very much. I have a pair of black and white steers a year and a month old. Their names are Jack and Jerry. I draw wood and corn-fodder with them bitched to a little cart, and sometimes my two brothers and little sister ride too. We have great fun. ave great fun. We have a nice bulldog named Terry

and a gray cat named Tom.

I think I shall be a farmer some time, because I like to help papa do

Norwich,

Margery's Garden, Dear Uncle Jed: Once there was a little girl named Margery. She had always lived in the city. They lived at the top of a big apartment house

and poor Margery couldn't see any-thing but clothes lines when she look-ed out of the windows. Margery didn't know .very .much about trees and flowers but she loved them dearly. Pleasant Sundays she used to go to the park with her father and mother to look at the lovely flowers there.

One day when Margery's father's work changed they moved to the country. The first thing she asked her father was "Oh may I have a gartry.

ANNA GAYESKI, Age 10. Colchester

Mary Likes the Country Dear Uncle Jed:—I thought you would like to hear the story of my

MARY RYBIE.

had a storm here. It rained all day quite hard and lasted till Saturday noen. The rain kept a great many home from school, but it did not keep me. I have been regular in attendance since September 5th, when I started. We have new typewriters at our high school besides the oid, making 13 altogether.

1 had 24 per cent in my shorthand test last Thursday. We have a test every month.

I think we are going to have some little exercise or entertainment at our Sunday school. My puppy has grown since I've had him an dhe has become quite a good little house dog. He likes to play with my little gray kitten. I hope the Wide-Awakes are enjoying school, as I am.

LILLIAN BREHAUT.

East Norwich,

A Tree That Sheds Its Bark Every Year. Dear Uncle Jed: Wide Awakes often rend of travelers' stories of foreign lands and wonder at these. We are told about the trees of Australia which shed their bark annually, and most people wonder how such a thing can be possible. In our interest we are liable to forget, or overlook, our native occurrences which are equal to any botanical events in the world.

Wide Awakes will remember our

botanical events in the world.

Wide Awakes will remember our buttonwood tree, a tree which wood-choppers don't like to dull their axes on, the wood being hard to cut.

The buttonwood sheds its bark annually in fall, and just now is going through the process. The old bark of the tree is dropping from the tree in irregular pieces, some large, some small. You will notice the old bark is slate color, and when this falls off it exposes a new bark, green and tender. As time goes on it turns from it exposes a new bark, green and tender. As time goes on it turns from
the pea green to white, and meanwhile
is getting thicker and stronger. In
about two months, or more, the once
white bark is brown, so by spring the
natural state color has been restored.
If Wide Awakes wish to see a barkshedding tree, take notice of the buttonwood, or the tree sometimes called
plane.

plane.

If you do not know what one is, look for a tree that is at present brown, partly, and in places what appears to be white; but if you will go to the tree and examine it closely you can see it is a light pea green color.

I hope some Wide Awakes will take notice of the buttonwood tree and notice the toughness of the wood.

We can find real pleasure in studying our own country's botany and nat-

ing our own country's botany and natural wonders, MYRON J. RINGLAND, Age 14. Norwich Town.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have been work-ng out on a farm all this vacation for our milkman, weeding out the garden and doing chores to help him, and t night go on the milk route.

I have been to two picnics this season, one out to Gardner Lake with the Xens and to Mohegan park with our Sunday school, and at both I had a very good time.

The last of July for five days I went down to come with the come and the season of the down to camp with the Christ church choir boys.

Now I want to tell you about an educated rat down in our cellar. Our cat is a very good hunter, but failed to ball up in the tree. As he grew nearcatch him, so my mother and I set a rat trap. We had hardly been up stairs five minutes when we heard the trap sprin. but when we got down there the trap was back of the barrel and we thought we had him, When we came to pull up the trap there was trap sprin out which there the trap was back of the barrel and we thought we had him. When we came to pull up the trap there was a part of his tail two inches long with a string-like cord running up to his body, but no rat. It looked as if he had pulled so hard that it had broken his tail off.

A week or so later he gnawed a A week or so later he gnawed a later he later

had pulsed so last the gnawed a hole in the butter tub and ate about a pound of butter. My mother then poisoned some of the butter, but he would not touch that. We keep a trap set all the time.

They gave it parts, and named it Dick.

It did not live very long, for one morning when the children ran to the cage all they four d was a few feathers. The cat had easen the bird and that was the end of it.

DELIA SHEA, Age 9-

Hidden Gold. Dear Uncle Jed: There once lived in sunny Italy a farmer who had a fine olive orchard. Here he worked early and late, and as a result of his care the trees flourished and bore abun-

This man had three sons, but they alas! liked ease better than work They thought it beneath them to en gage in the humble tasks of a farmer.
Years rolled by; the farmer grew
feeble, and at last saw that his end
was near. Thereupon, he called his
sons to him and said:

"My sons, I am about to die, but for you there is gold hidden in the orch-The sons begged to know more, but the wise old man turned a deaf ear to their questions and soon thereafter he

Eager to enjoy their father's wealth. the sons at once made preparations to unearth it. They agreed upon a plan of work and then they dug, and dug, and dug, until every inch of soil had been turned over, but no gold did they find. At last they gave up the search.

"Someone has stolen the gold," said

ne. "Illness made our father's wits wan der," said another.
"We have had our labor for our pains," said the third. When spring came the trees burst early into full blossom. As the season advanced every blossom turned to fruit of the finest flavor. Purchasers came, and when the sons saw the stream of gold collecting in the fam-ily chest they said:

"Our father, of blessed memory, spoke the truth. Patient labor brought to light his hidden gold."

GRAZIALIA MARTIN, Age 10.

The Rescue.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last evening Willie Gray, who lived in the upper part of New York, took his terrier, Spot, and went down to the Harlem river to sit on the pier and watch the boys swim in the river. There were at least a thousand people on the nearby piers, in the water swimming, and on the Harlem bridge just overhead.

Willie and his chum threw sticks out into the water and Spot brought them back until he was trembling with fatters. tigue

Finally, seeing how tired Spot was, Finally, seeing how tired Spot was, Wille chained him so that he could not jump any more and forbade anyone near throwing sticks to tempt him. When Wille had his head turned somebody threw a stick right by Spot's nose into the water and the dog leaper it dragging his chain with in after it, dragging his chain with him. When Willie saw the dog, loaded with the chain, he hurriedly removed I was born on January 9, 1901, in the large city of New York. When him. When Willie saw the dog, los with the chain, he hurriedly remote I was 5 years old my father bought a farm in Mansfield, Conn., where I still Spot had reached the stick in s Spot had reached the stick in spite of his handicap, but his chain was pull-When we moved out here, which was on February 22, 1906, it was a heautiful day and I thought nothing in the world was better than the bare trees and open fields.

When the spring came the trees and the spring came the spri

and open fields.

When the spring came the trees and flowers looked so pretty that I said I would never go back to the city.

We have now lived here eight years and I am so used to our old-fashioned bouse that I would not like to be a like Plainfield.

> Dear Uncle Jed: A man had a lazy son whom he urged strongly to get up earlier. He told the boy that someone, by rising early, had once found a purse full of gold. "That may have been," replied the

The Lazy Lad.



"That is not proved," said the father.
"The purse had hin there since the night before, by a lazy traveler who did not start early enough."

ANNIE RABINOWITZ, Age 8. Colchester.

The Pet Bird. Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about a strange bird.

Once upon a time there was a German family who lived in Germany. They had four children. The father was on a visit to the Canary Islands for two months.

He was taking his morning walk one morning when he saw a little content.

Versailles.

A Helping Hand. Dear Uncle Jed: We have a pic-ture of A Helping Hand, so I thought I would write about it. This ploture was painted by Emile Renouf, who lived in France. Even when a small boy he loved the

water and loved to draw.
One morning he awoke and told his nother he was going out to paint a He spent several days on the picture when the studio in which he was paint-ing was burned and his picture was

He had almost finished it the sec-ond time when a servant spilled some acid on the picture. He was very much discouraged, but the third time he tried he was success-We can remember Renouf by this

beautiful picture, ALICE KINGSLEY, Age 14. How He Spent His Vacation, Dear Uncle Jed: As I have not writ-ten for some time, I will tell you where I spent a part of my vacation last sum-

My brother took me to Manchester on a visit to my cousins. I was there

ITCHED SEVERELY

On Face. So Bad at Night Could Hardly Sleep. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In Two Weeks Trouble Gone.

88 Gooding St., Pawtucket, R. I .- "My face broke out in ecsema blotches which itched severely. They were deep red and I could not keep from scratching it at night. It seemed as if I would scratch my face to pieces and they itched so at night I could hardly sleep. I tried different creams and ointments but creams and ointments but

it seemed worse. After a month I used Cuticura Soap and Oin The liching was so much relieved that I kept on and after two weeks the trouble was (Signed) Miss Ellen S. Whitaker, Jan. 21, 1914.

Samples Free by Mail For pumples and blackheads the following

Is a most effective and economical treatm Gently smearthe affected parts with Cuticura Cintment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the tollet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammixtion and clogging of the pores, the com-mon cause of pimples, blackheads and other unwholesome conditions of the skin. Although Cuticura Soap (25c.) and Cuticura Cintment (50c.) are sold by druggists everywhere, a sample of each with 32-p. Skir Book will be sent free upon request. Ad-dress "Cuticura, Dopt. T. Boston,"

lazy lad, "but the person who lost it five weeks. Then my cousins and two friends took me home.

We all went to Providence to see the Eagles' field day. It was a wonderful parade After the parade we went to Crescent park. We went to Rocky Point another

day.

I had a pleasant time in Manchester, but I like Mansfield the best, for I like the country.
My sister went to Mansfield with my grandmother, this year, so I went to Manchester.
My father has moved from Lippitt Hill to be near his work, but I go to school on the Hill. We moved to Fiske-

ville, R. I. CHARLES S. HART, Age 13, She Went Chestnutting-Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about the day some of my friends and I went chestnutting.
We got four quarts of chestnuts.
We walked about four or five miles to get the chestnuts.

get the chestnuts.

When it began to get dark we went we got nome at a o'clock, having been out from 12 o'clock at noon. I was very tired when I got home. I read a few stories on the children's page in The Builetin and went to bed.

OLIVE LADD, Age 10:

DON HOUGHTON I AM ASK.NG to take time by the forelock come in now for your

CHRISTMAS **PHOTOGRAPHS** for your sakes as well as ours. Last minute "rushes" in holiday photography are not conducive to

the most cheerful countenances fo SHANNON BUILDING

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